CARNAGE

"Exciting and suspenseful."
– SuperiorSpiderTalk.com

CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY

WORLD TOUR

MARVEL

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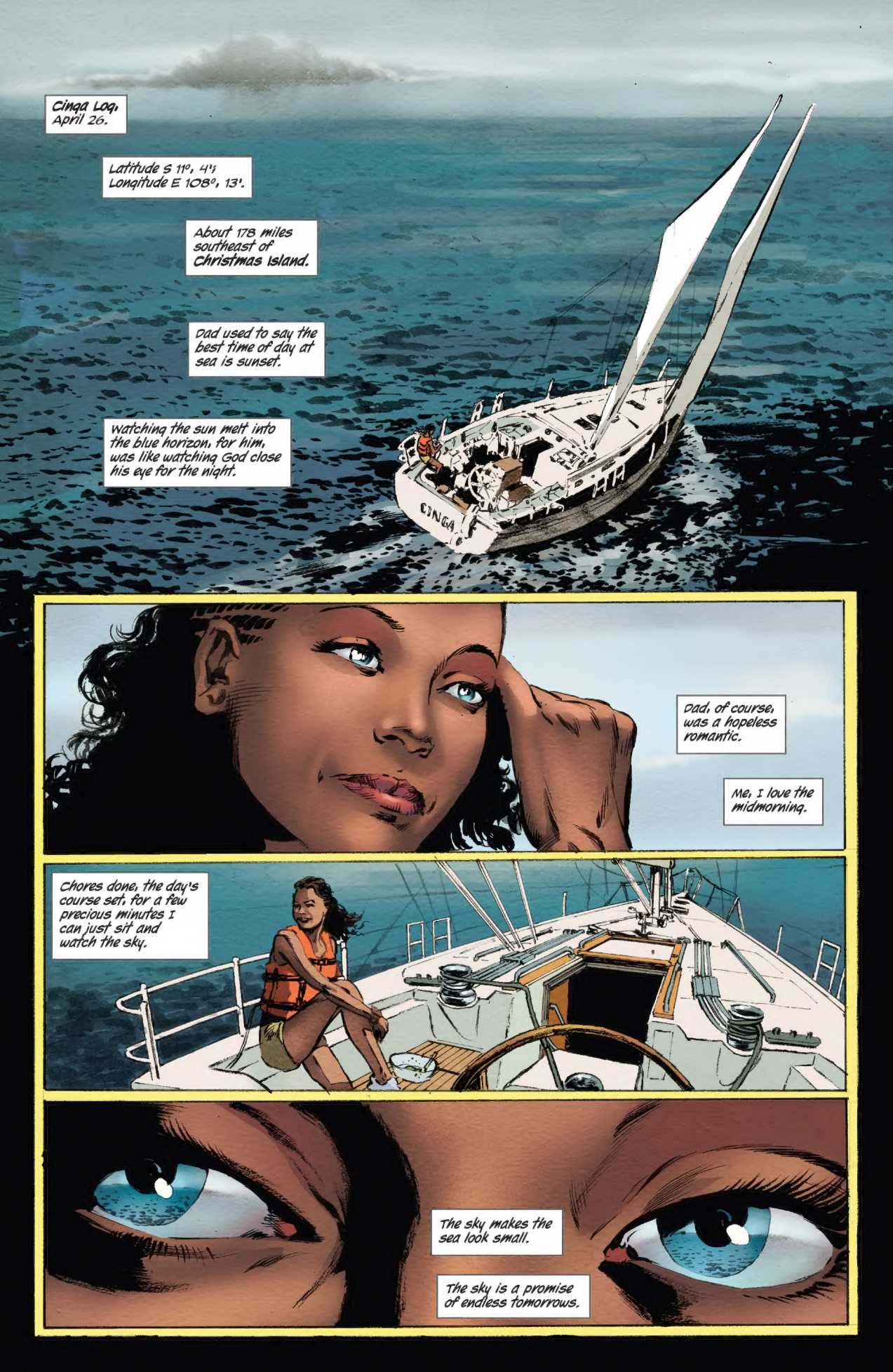
CARNAGE

ALL-NEW STORY
SEA DEVIL
STARTS NOW!

CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY

MARVEL 006

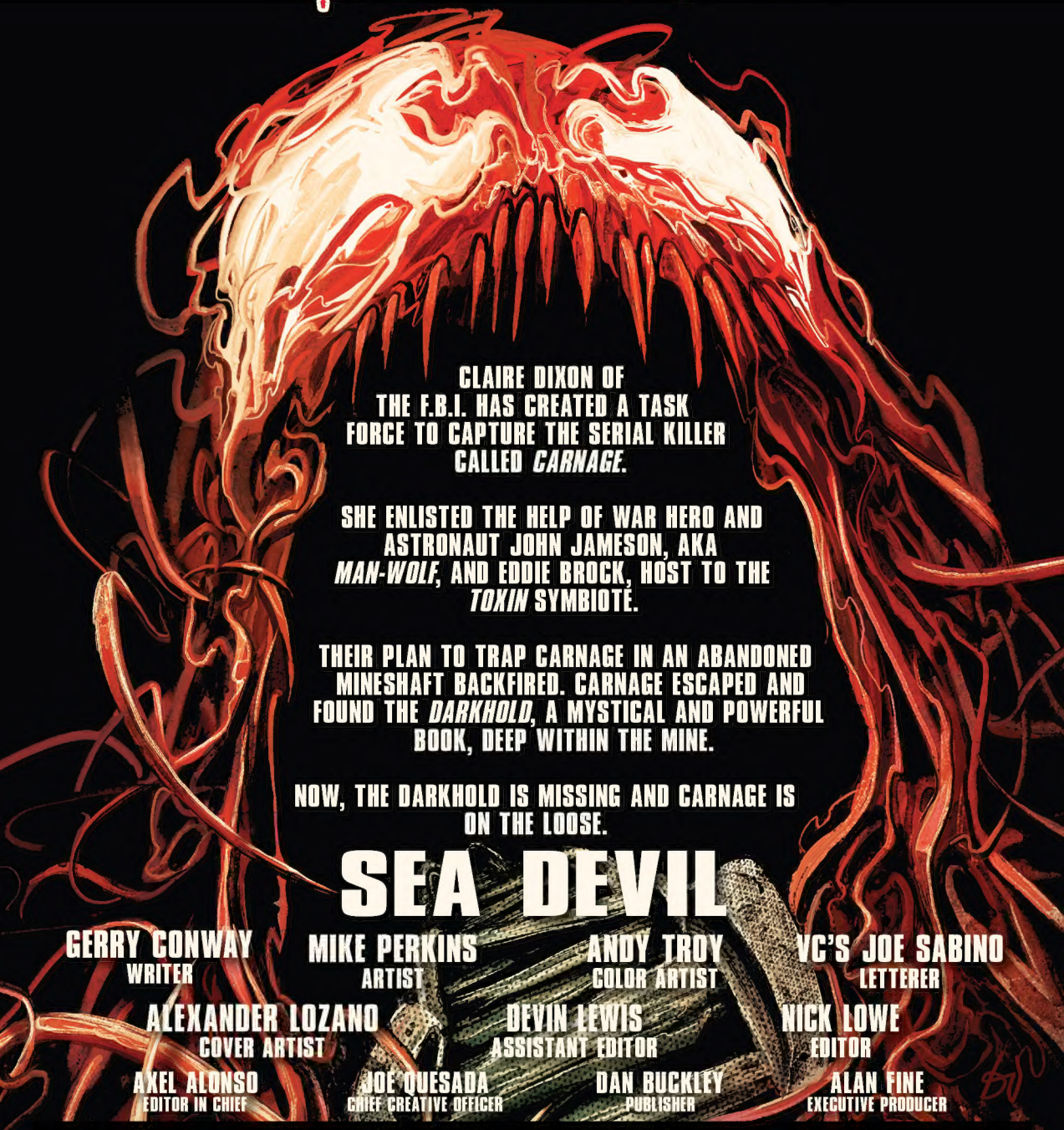

Cinqa Log,
April 26.
Latitude S 11°, 4';
Longitude E 108°, 13'.
About 178 miles southeast of Christmas Island.
Dad used to say the best time of day at sea is sunset.
Watching the sun melt into the blue horizon, for him, was like watching God close his eye for the night.
CINQA
Dad, of course, was a hopeless romantic.
Me, I love the midmorning.
Chores done, the day's course set, for a few precious minutes I can just sit and watch the sky.
The sky makes the sea look small.
The sky is a promise of endless tomorrows.

BOOOM
CINGA
VVVRRUMM
RUMUMMRRUMRUMM

RRRUMMMMM
-GNNGGH-

PSYCHOPATHETIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITIY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE



CLAIRE DIXON OF THE F.B.I. HAS CREATED A TASK FORCE TO CAPTURE THE SERIAL KILLER CALLED *CARNAGE*.

SHE ENLISTED THE HELP OF WAR HERO AND ASTRONAUT JOHN JAMESON, AKA *MAN-WOLF*, AND EDDIE BROCK, HOST TO THE *TOXIN* SYMBIOTE.

THEIR PLAN TO TRAP CARNAGE IN AN ABANDONED MINESHAFT BACKFIRED. CARNAGE ESCAPED AND FOUND THE *DARKHOLD*, A MYSTICAL AND POWERFUL BOOK, DEEP WITHIN THE MINE.

NOW, THE DARKHOLD IS MISSING AND CARNAGE IS ON THE LOOSE.

SEA DEVIL

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ARTIST

ANDY TROY
COLOR ARTIST

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Cinqa Log, April 26th.
Latitude S 11°, 4.2'; Longitude E 108°, 13.9'
It took forever to get my passenger aboard.
He's heavier than he looks.
I set a course southeast to Darwin.
Christmas Island is closer but there's a storm on the way.
Even with a following wind it'll take days to reach port.
I don't think he'll make it.
Goddess Mamlambo.
Sweet Mother Mary.
What happened to this man?

WHERE IS IT?
CAN'T LOSE IT... CAN'T...
...HAVE TO...
...KEEP...
...
ENGENAKWENZEKA.
IMPOSSIBLE.

Cinqa Log, April 26th.
Nothing but static on the radio.
Interference from the storm, probably.
What else could it be?
"FA...FA-TAG?"
"FA-TAG-UN?"
"FA-TAG-UN CAH--"
I WOULDN'T READ THAT, IF I WAS YOU.
COULD BE BAD LUCK.

GOT ANYTHING TO EAT?

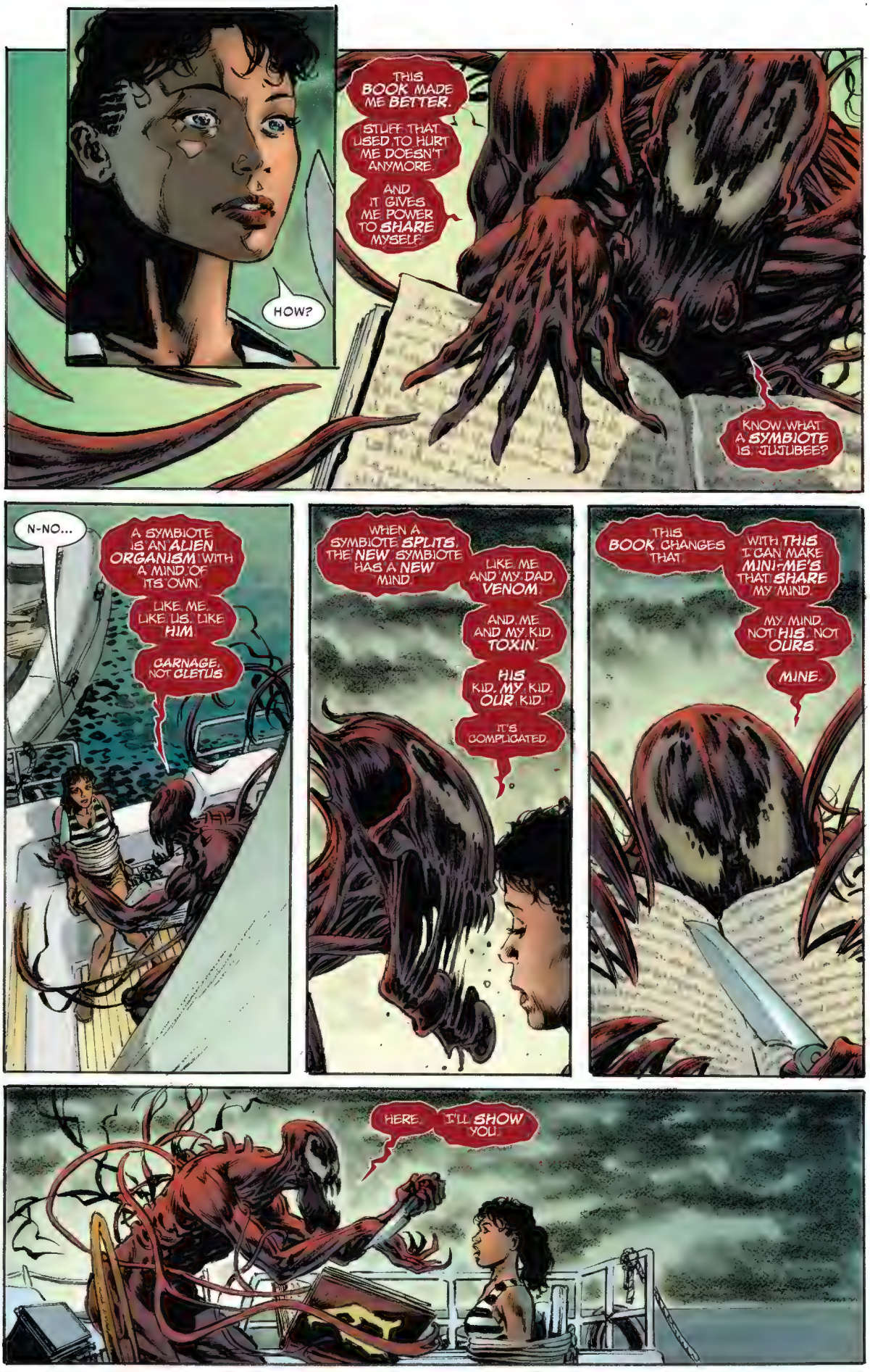
...SO WHAT'S YOUR NAME, KID?
JUBULILE.
JUBULILE VAN SCOTTER.
"JU-JU-BEE?" WHAT KINDA NAME IS THAT?
"JUBULILE"-- IT'S ZULU.
BUT "VAN SCOTTER," WHAT IS THAT, DUTCH?
AFRIKANER.
SO YOU'RE A MUTT.
I'M A MUTT, TOO. EVERY AMERICAN'S A MUTT.
MY NAME'S CLETUS. NICE TO MEET YOU, JUBULILE. THANKS FOR SAVING MY ASS.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
SO WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' WAY OUT HERE IN THE SOUTH SEAS ALL BY YOUR LONESOME?
YOU ARE ALONE, AMIRIGHT?
YES.
I'M SAILING AROUND THE WORLD.
YOU'RE %$#@$#% ME.
ARE YOU %$#@$#% ME?
HOW'S THAT HAPPEN, A TEENAGE GIRL-- HOW OLD ARE YOU, JUBE?
I'M 16.
MY FATHER TAUGHT ME TO SAIL BEFORE I COULD WALK.
IT WAS HIS DREAM TO SAIL THE WORLD.

YEAH?
SO WHERE'S HE?
HE DIED.
I'M MAKING THIS VOYAGE IN HIS MEMORY.
THAT'S SWEET.
DADDIES, HUH?
EVEN WHEN THEY'RE DEAD THEY NEVER LET GO OF YOU.
THINGS I COULD TELL YOU--
FORGET IT.
SO, YOU KNOW BOATS... YOU KNOW SEA MAPS?
NAUTICAL CHARTS, YES.
I SAW YOU LOOKING AT THIS MAP...I MEAN CHART.
THINK YOU COULD FIND THIS SPOT MARKED OUT HERE?
THERE'S NOTHING THERE. IT'S EMPTY OCEAN.
LET ME WORRY ABOUT THAT.
JUST, CAN YOU GET US THERE?
YES...BUT WE HAVE TO GO TO DARWIN. YOU NEED A HOSPITAL.
YOU'RE INJURED.
C'MON, JUBULILE, YOU SEEM LIKE A SMART GIRL.
I LOOK "INJURED" TO YOU?

AW, COME ON, JUJUBEE-- WE REALLY HAVE TO DO THIS?
YOU'RE A NICE GIRL, I CAN SEE THAT AND I LIKE YOU--
--I DO.
BUT WE BOTH KNOW THIS IS ONLY GONNA END ONE WAY.
AND IF YOU MAKE ME WORK TO CATCH YOU, AFTER US HAVING SUCH A NICE TALK--WELL...
...I'M GONNA BE TICKED.
JUJUBEE?

UFF
UNNH
UNNHHH
AAHHH
IT'S A BOAT JUJUBEE
WHERE YOU GONNA RUN?
KRAK

THIS BOOK YOU WERE LOOKIN AT, IT'S CALLED THE DARKHOLD.
FROM WHAT I'VE FOUND OUT--
(AND BETWEEN US, JUJUBEE, IT WASN'T EASY.)
--THIS BOOK WAS COBBLED TOGETHER BY A MAD MONK NAMED AELFRIC A FEW HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
SOME GUYS THINK AELFRIC WAS POSSESSED BY AN "ELDER GOD" CALLED CAH-THON.
CAR-THORN.
CA-THUN.
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
DOESN'T MATTER.
CRAZY, RIGHT?
THING IS, JUJUBEE, CRAZY OR NOT, THIS BOOK HAS POWER.
IT CHANGED US.
I MEAN, ME.
I MEAN, CLETUS KASADY.
NOT CARNAGE.
BUT ALSO CARNAGE.
THE BOOK CHANGED BOTH OF US--CLETUS AND CARNAGE.


HOW?
THIS BOOK MADE ME BETTER.
STUFF THAT USED TO HURT ME DOESN'T ANYMORE.
AND IT GIVES ME POWER TO SHARE MYSELF.
KNOW WHAT A SYMBIOTE IS, JUJUBEE?
N-NO...
A SYMBIOTE IS AN ALIEN ORGANISM WITH A MIND OF ITS OWN.
LIKE ME. LIKE US. LIKE HIM.
CARNAGE, NOT CLETUS.
WHEN A SYMBIOTE SPLITS, THE NEW SYMBIOTE HAS A NEW MIND.
LIKE ME AND MY DAD, VENOM.
AND ME AND MY KID, TOXIN.
HIS KID. MY KID. OUR KID.
IT'S COMPLICATED.
THIS BOOK CHANGES THAT.
WITH THIS I CAN MAKE MINI-ME'S THAT SHARE MY MIND.
MY MIND. NOT HIS. NOT OURS.
MINE.
HERE. I'LL SHOW YOU.

THERE YOU GO, JUJUBEE.
LET IT HAPPEN.
LET IT TAKE YOU.
WE GOT PLACES TO GO, POWER TO GRAB, PEOPLE TO KILL.
THUNK

HUH.
THAT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE.
MUST'VE DONE SOMETHING WRONG.
"PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CTHHON..."
"...WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN..."
IS THAT A FAHTAGUN OR A PHO-TOG-UN?
NEED BETTER LIGHT.

-UNNGGHNGH-
Cinqa Loq, April 27th--or maybe the 28th.
Have no idea how long I was unconscious after that monster did whatever it was he did to me.
Not sure where I am now, or what's happened to me.
I feel... different.
Stronger, yes, but it's more than that.
My thoughts race.
I see things, make connections, understand what I need to do--so quickly.
I couldn't fight him.

I did the next best thing.
I made sure he couldn't follow me.
HM?
HEY, JUJUBEE!
GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE UP
BUT JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, GIRL?
MY NAME IS JUBULILE.
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
YOU ARE.
STRAIGHT TO HELL.

SNIFF
AW, HELL. NOT AGAIN.

Is he dead? I don't know.
With the Cinqa gone, I do know he can't come after me, and that's enough for now.
I'll miss you, beautiful Cinqa, ship of my father's dreams.
Your journey is over.
I think mine is just beginning.
IS SHE DEAD?
SHE'S BREATHING.
WAKE UP, MISS.

MY NAME IS JOHN JAMESON.
THIS IS MANUELA CALDERON AND THAT'S EDDIE BROCK.
THE WOMAN BEHIND ME IS VICTORIA MONTESI.
AND YOU, LITTLE LADY--
--YOU HAVE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO.
To Be Continued...

CARNAGE

MARVEL 007

CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE

CLAIRE DIXON OF THE FBI HAS CREATED A TASK FORCE TO CAPTURE *CARNAGE.*

SHE ENLISTED THE HELP OF JOHN JAMESON, A.K.A. *MAN-WOLF*; EDDIE BROCK, HOST TO THE *TOXIN* SYMBIOTE; AND MANUELA CALDERON, THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF CLETUS' FIRST HOMICIDAL RAMPAGE. ON THEIR FIRST MISSION, CARNAGE ESCAPED WITH *THE DARKHOLD*, A MYSTICAL AND POWERFUL BOOK THAT SIGNIFICANTLY ENHANCES HIS ABILITIES.

FOUND FLOATING ADRIFT IN THE SOUTH SEAS BY JUBULILE VAN SCOTTER, CARNAGE QUICKLY CAPTURED AND INFECTED HER WITH HIS CORRUPTING SYMBIOTE. IN AN EFFORT TO ESCAPE, SHE FLED ON A LIFE RAFT AND SET HER SHIP ON FIRE, LEAVING CARNAGE TO BURN WITH IT. SHE WAS SOON FOUND BY DIXON AND HER TEAM, WHO HAVE NOW TAKEN HER IN FOR QUESTIONING.

SEA DEVIL PART TWO

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The Indian Ocean.
Southeast Of Java.
Today.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MISS?
JUBULILE...
...JUBULILE VAN SCOTTER.
HOW'D A LITTLE THING LIKE YOU END UP ALONE IN A LIFEBOAT?
WAY OUT HERE, IN THE REAR END OF NOWHERE?
THERE WAS THIS--THIS MAN.
HE WAS HURT--THEN HE WASN'T--THEN HE--
HE'S ALIVE.
WAIT.
YOU KNOW THIS MAN?
WHO IS HE?
WHAT IS HE?
WHO ARE YOU?
THE MOST IMPORTANT THING FOR YOU TO KNOW IS THIS, JUBULILE:
WE ARE HIS ENEMIES AND YOUR FRIENDS.
THE REST...

"...IS COMPLICATED."
Thirteen Days Ago.
FBI Headquarters, Washington, DC.
AGENT DIXON, YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO.
FBI

UNDER YOUR DIRECTION, A SPECIAL WEAPONS AND TACTICS TEAM WAS ASSEMBLED AT *GREY RIDGE MINE* IN WEST VIRGINIA.

THE TEAM'S ASSIGNMENT: THE CAPTURE AND/OR ELIMINATION OF THE ALIEN SYMBIOTE-INFECTED SERIAL KILLER *CLETUS KASADY*, A.K.A. *CARNAGE*.

INCLUDED IN THAT TEAM, AT YOUR INSISTENCE, WERE SEVERAL NON-BUREAU PERSONNEL:

MANUELA CALDERON, U.S. ARMY, RETIRED, A CIVILIAN SECURITY EXPERT WITH PERSONAL TIES TO KASADY.

COLONEL JOHN JAMESON, ON DETACHED DUTY FROM THE *U.S. AIR FORCE*, WHOSE OWN STRUGGLES WITH ALIEN CONTAMINATION ARE WELL DOCUMENTED.

AND, FINALLY-- AND IN THIS REVIEW BOARD'S COLLECTIVE OPINION, MOST *PROBLEMATIC*--

--*EDWARD BROCK*, A KNOWN SOCIOPATH AND ALSO AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE-INFECTED SERIAL KILLER, CURRENTLY ON TEMPORARY PRESIDENTIAL PAROLE, A.K.A. *TOXIN*.

THE OUTCOME OF THIS UNORTHODOX AND, FRANKLY, ILL-CONCEIVED ATTEMPT TO CORRAL THE MANIAC *CARNAGE*?

NOT TO PUT IT *TOO* DELICATELY, AGENT DIXON--

--A FIRST-CLASS *#&%#* SHOW!

SIR, THERE WERE UNEXPECTED COMPLICATIONS.

EIGHTEEN AGENTS DEAD!

HALF A DOZEN MORE *INJURED*-- SOME SUFFERING SEVERE, UNEXPLAINED PSYCHOLOGICAL BREAKDOWNS--

THE MAN WE WERE WORKING WITH AT GREY RIDGE MINE, *BARRY GLEASON*--

APPARENTLY HE WAS PART OF A *CULT*--

SO YOU SAY IN YOUR REPORT, AGENT DIXON.
UNFORTUNATELY, ANY EVIDENCE OF THIS "CULT" WAS BURIED IN THE MINE COLLAPSE YOU ORDERED.
THERE WERE WITNESSES--
YES.
YOUR "UNOFFICIAL" TEAM-- CALDERON, JAMESON, AND BROCK.
NOTABLY, NO FBI PERSONNEL TO BACK UP YOUR REPORT.
BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
AND WHOSE FAULT IS THAT, AGENT DIXON?
IDIOTS.

THE WORLD IS RULED BY FOOLS AND THOSE FOOLS ARE SERVED BY THE SELF-DECEIVED.
THE QUESTION BEFORE YOU, AGENT DIXON, IS THIS:
WILL YOU CONTINUE TO SERVE NOW THAT YOU ARE NO LONGER DECEIVED?
EXCUSE ME?
YOU ARE RIGHT AND YOUR SUPERIORS ARE WRONG, CLAIRE.
CLETUS KASADY IS MORE THAN A MONSTER.
HE IS A THREAT TO THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT.
GET IN, PLEASE.
I REPRESENT A GROUP WHOSE INTERESTS ALIGN WITH YOUR OWN.
WE CALL OURSELVES *THE CHILDREN OF MIDNIGHT.*
MY NAME IS *VICTORIA MONTESI.*
WE NEED TO TALK.

San Francisco.

DAD... DAD...I GOT IT...

...THEY HAD NO IDEA WHAT IT WAS WORTH...

FELWOOD & SON Antiquities

...ORIGINAL 1902 EDITION... "AMBROSII MAGI HORTUS ROSARUM" BY CROWLEY...THEY PRACTICALLY GAVE IT TO ME...CAN YOU IMAGINE?

DAD?

DADDY'S TIED UP RIGHT NOW.

MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME.

GUY NAMED BARRY GLEASON OWNED A MINE IN WEST VIRGINIA.

BEFORE HE-- WENT AWAY-- BARRY TOLD ME 'BOUT SOME OLD BRIC-A-BRAC HE FOUND IN AN UNDERGROUND TEMPLE.

BARRY SOLD THAT BRIC-A-BRAC TO ROGER FELWOOD, AN ANTIQUES DEALER HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FELWOOD INTRODUCED BARRY TO SOME PEOPLE I'D LIKE TO MEET.

I ASKED YOUR DADDY ABOUT THOSE PEOPLE.

DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT.

TURNS OUT HE'S ROGER FELWOOD SENIOR.

SEEMS I WANT ROGER FELWOOD JUNIOR.

W-WHAT D-DO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT?

THIS.

THE DARKHOLD?

OHMIGOD... WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?

SOME CREEPS USED THIS BOOK TO TRY AND KILL ME.

INSTEAD IT MADE ME STRONGER.

YOU'RE GONNA SHOW ME HOW.

Washington, D.C.
THIS KID I KNEW IN SCHOOL--
--MILITARY SCHOOL, A PLACE MY FATHER PICKED FOR ITS "USEFUL POLITICAL CONNECTIONS"--
--THIS KID, RICH LIKE ME, PRIVILEGED LIKE ME--
--THIS KID, 14 YEARS OLD, AN OLD-MONEY PRINCE--
--HE HAS A DRINKING PROBLEM.
MMM.
WHAT HE IS, MANNY--HE'S A BLACKOUT DRUNK.
HE DRINKS, HE DRINKS TOO MUCH, AND NEXT THING HE KNOWS...
...HE'S ON THE LAWN OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL LIBRARY, IT'S MORNING...
...AND HE HAS NO IDEA WHERE HE WENT OR WHAT HE DID.
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
SCHOOL KICKED HIM OUT.
HIS FAMILY PAID FOR TREATMENT.
LAST I HEARD HE'S RUNNING A FOUNDATION SOMEWHERE.
WORD IS THEY KEEP HIM ON A SHORT LEASH.
THE THING I REMEMBER ABOUT THAT KID, MANUELA, IS THE LOOK IN HIS EYES.
THE TERROR.

"WHO AM I?"
"WHAT DID I DO?"
YOU'RE NOT THAT 14-YEAR-OLD KID, JOHN.
WHEN I BECOME *MAN-WOLF*, I'M NOT *MYSELF* EITHER, MANNY.
THE GEMSTONE THAT TRANSFORMED ME WAS DESTROYED-- BUT NOW I FIND OUT IT CHANGED MY GENES.
IT'S *NEVER* GOING AWAY.
WHO *AM* I? WHAT WILL *I* DO?
THOSE ARE QUESTIONS WE ALL ASK EVERY DAY.
YOU DECIDE THE ANSWERS.
YOU DECIDE IF YOU'RE A *MAN* OR A *MONSTER*.
DECIDE *QUICK*, COLONEL.
MY NEW FRIEND AND I HAVE A PROPOSAL FOR BOTH YOU AND MS. CALDERON.
POSSIBLY ILLEGAL.
DEFINITELY DANGEROUS.
ALMOST CERTAINLY *IRRESISTIBLE*.

San Francisco.

THAT'S IT--

THAT'S THE PAGE THE OLD PRIEST SHOWED ME RIGHT BEFORE HIS PUNKS TRIED TO KILL ME.

IT'S A PROPHECY.

"WHEN THE RED SLAYER SPILLS BLOOD ON SACRED STONE, HE WHO SLEEPS SHALL WAKE, AND WHAT WALKED ONCE WILL WALK AGAIN."

YEAH, BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED.

INSTEAD IT CHANGED ME--

--AND MY BLOOD--

--IT GAVE ME POWER OVER A BUNCH OF MINI-MES.

TH-THAT'S... UNEXPECTED.

BUT COOL, RIGHT?

EXCEPT IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE.

NOT LIKE IT DID IN THE CAVE.

HERE.

I'LL SHOW YOU.

GGAAAKKKKK

DADDY...

+CHOKE+

SEB?
OH, GOD.
I TRIED IT MAYBE A DOZEN TIMES SINCE I LEFT WEST VIRGINIA.
OH, MY GOD.
SAME THING, EACH TIME.
OH, MY DEAR GOD.
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. YOU'RE SCARED. I GOT THAT. BIG SURPRISE.
FOCUS, JUNIOR.
WHAT AM I MISSING? WHAT AM I DOING WRONG?
TH-THE PROPHECY...IT MENTIONS A SACRED STONE... YOU NEED AN ALTAR...
...AND...THE PAGE...YOU M-MIGHT BE ON THE WRONG PAGE...
OKAY, GOOD.
SO, WHAT'S THE RIGHT PAGE, AND WHERE DO I FIND AN ALTAR?
I-I DON'T KNOW--THERE'S A PAGE MISSING, TORN OUT--
WRONG ANSWER, TRY AGAIN.
ISWEAR IDON'TKNOW BUTWAIT WAIT--
--THERE'S A MAN-- IN JAKARTA, INDONESIA--
A NAME, JUNIOR.
GIVE ME A NAME.
...AND I PROMISE, YOU AND ME, WE'RE DONE.

Washington, D.C.
HOW DID YOU GET THIS?
THE SAME GOVERNMENT CONTACT WHO ALERTED ME TO YOUR EXPERIENCE IN WEST VIRGINIA.
THIS IS THE PAGE I TORE FROM GLEASON'S OLD BOOK--
THAT "OLD BOOK" IS THE DARKHOLD.
MS. MONTESI TELLS ME HER ALLIES HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THAT BOOK FOR THE LAST DECADE.
WHY?
THE DARKHOLD IS A BOOK OF ANCIENT WISDOM... ANCIENT EVIL.
IN THE WRONG HANDS, IT'S A THREAT TO ALL HUMANITY.
I BELIEVE IT IS CURRENTLY IN THE POSSESSION OF CLETUS KASADY.
YEAH, HIS ARE WHAT I'D CALL THE WRONG HANDS.
SO, WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH US?
THE FBI DISBANDED OUR ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE.
MS. MONTESI OFFERS TO FUND US PRIVATELY.
AND THIS HELPS US HOW?
TO TAP THE DARKHOLD'S FULL POTENTIAL, KASADY REQUIRES AN ALTAR.
WITH THE ONE IN WEST VIRGINIA LOST, THIS PAGE POINTS US TO ANOTHER--
--IN INDONESIA.
OKAY, I'M IN.
BUT ON ONE CONDITION...

FBI "Black Site" Prison Compound, Location Classified.
EDDIE BROCK...
YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE IN A #&*%$&#$ OF TROUBLE.
YEAH? HOW YA FIGURE?
YOU AND FOUR OTHERS ARE THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF A TEAM SENT TO ELIMINATE YOUR "SON," CARNAGE.
YOUR PRESENCE ON THAT TEAM WAS ALWAYS CONTROVERSIAL AND PROVISIONAL.
SOME OF US IN THE BUREAU CONSIDER YOU AS GREAT A DANGER AS CLETUS KASADY.
THAT WHY YOU HAVE ME HOOKED UP TO AN IV FULL OF SYMBIOTE INHIBITOR AND PHENOBARBITAL?
'CAUSE YOU DON'T TRUST ME?
OR 'CAUSE YOU GOT QUESTIONS YOU THINK I WON'T WANT TO ANSWER?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, MR. BROCK, WE DO HAVE QUESTIONS.
QUESTIONS CONCERNING AGENT CLAIRE DIXON.
ARE YOU AWARE THAT AGENT DIXON--
TAK TAK TAK
WHAT--
WERE THOSE GUNSHOTS?

TAK TAK TAK
YAAHH NO NO NO
WELL, THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.
TAK TAK TAK
AAAIII UNNH LOOKOUT
KATAKK TAK
SOUNDS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY CHUMP HERE IN A #&*%$&%# OF TROUBLE.
YOU GUYS AREN'T ARMED, ARE YOU?
TAK TAK TAK
THUMP
SHUT UP, BROCK.
NAH, DIDN'T THINK SO.
WAIT NO WAIT
YAAAHHH
KRAK KRAK
WHATEVER'S OUT THERE, WHATEVER'S COMING, YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS CAN'T SEEM TO STOP IT.
HELL, THE WAY THINGS SOUND, THEY CAN'T EVEN SLOW IT DOWN.

UNNGH
KRASH
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GOTTA DO.
YIIEEEE
I'M THE ONLY CHANCE YOU GOT.
HE'S RIGHT--
PULL THE PLUG.
LET TOXIN OUT TO PLAY.
KPOW
POW
POW
EYAAHHH
NO!
SHUT UP, BROCK!
LEN, WATCH HIM! DON'T LET HIM--

RAAWWRR
SKRASH

THWIT THWIT THWIT
YOU GUYS.
THIS IS SO SWEET.
AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH I KNEW YOU LADIES WOULDN'T LEAVE ME HERE TO ROT.
SHUT UP, BROCK.
THWKK
THIS ISN'T A RESCUE. I HAVE THE SYMBIOTE ACTIVATOR. TOXIN STAYS UNDER MY CONTROL. YOU FOLLOW MY ORDERS.
IF IT WAS UP TO ME YOU'D STAY HERE FOREVER.
GETTING YOU OUT WAS CALDERON'S CALL.
IF THIS ISN'T A HAPPY REUNION FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE...WHAT IS IT, EXACTLY?
WE HAVE A LEAD ON CARNAGE AND PRIVATE FUNDING TO TAKE HIM DOWN.
I FIGURED YOU'D WANT A PIECE OF IT.
YOU FIGURED RIGHT.
SO, WHERE IS OUR FAVORITE SYMBIOTE-POWERED SERIAL KILLER?
IF OUR SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT, BY NOW YOUR MR. KASADY COULD WELL BE HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD...

"...JAKARTA, INDONESIA."

To Be Continued...

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?*

DON'T MISS CARNAGE #8

MARVEL
008
CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY
CARNAGE

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE

THE FBI HAS DISBANDED AGENT CLAIRE DIXON'S ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE.

HOWEVER, MS. VICTORIA MONTESI, REPRESENTING THE CHILDREN OF MIDNIGHT, HAS OFFERED TO PRIVATELY FUND AND SUPPORT DIXON AND HER GROUP AS THEIR INTERESTS ALIGN.

MEANWHILE, CARNAGE HAS DISCOVERED THAT IN ORDER TO UNLOCK THE FULL POTENTIAL OF THE DARKHOLD, HE REQUIRES A SACRED STONE ALTAR. BUT ONLY ONE MAN, RUMORED TO BE IN INDONESIA, MAY KNOW OF THE SECRET ALTAR'S LOCATION. NOW, IT'S UP TO DIXON AND HER TEAM TO FIND HIM BEFORE CARNAGE DOES!

SEA DEVIL PART THREE

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Jakarta, Indonesia
Eleven Nights Ago...
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
I HEARD NOTHING.
KEEP MOVING.
WE'RE LATE.
NO, WAIT.
YOU'VE HEARD THE STORIES.
I THINK HE'S HERE.
I THINK HE'S FOLLOWING US.
WHO?
"THE RED SLAYER"?
YOU KNOW WHAT BROTHER GREGORI SAID.
THE SLAYER IS A FAIRY TALE--
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FAIRY TALES AND REAL LIFE?

IN FAIRY TALES, THE MONSTER IS THE BAD GUY.

HERE'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN...

ONE OF YOU WILL TELL ME WHERE TO FIND BROTHER GREGORI.

THE OTHER TWO WILL DIE.

KRAK KKRAK

WHICH OF YOU IS WHICH, ENTIRELY YOUR CALL.

LEFTIE HERE MADE HIS CHOICE.

YYYIIIIIII!

SWK

SO DID CONTESTANT NUMBER TWO.

GAAKK!

WHICH LEAVES YOU.

PLEASE-- I'M NOT--

NOT WHAT? A MEMBER OF THE CHTHONIC BROTHERHOOD?

GUY IN SAN FRANCISCO TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOUR GROUP HERE IN JAKARTA.

HOW YOU ALL WEAR THESE PENDANTS... AND ANSWER TO A DUDE NAMED BROTHER GREGORI.
HE'S THE GUY I WANT TO TALK TO.
WHERE IS HE?
TELL ME, I LET YOU GO.
DON'T TELL ME, I FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO ASK.
P-PLEASE-- I DON'T KNOW--
NOPE.
WRONG ANSWER.
SKLITCH
HE REALLY COULDN'T TELL YOU.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, SHORT STUFF?
I'VE HAD MANY NAMES ACROSS MANY AGES.
SO MANY EVEN I FORGET A FEW.
FOR EASE OF REFERENCE, CALL ME WHAT MOST PEOPLE I MEET DO:
THE DARKHOLD DWARF.
INSENSITIVE, I ADMIT, BUT AT MY AGE, FRANKLY, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN.

THE DARKHOLD...
THAT'S THE BOOK I FOUND IN WEST VIRGINIA.
THE ONE I'M TRYING TO UNDERSTAND HOW IT WORKS--
IT'S WHY YOU SEEK GREGORI.
YOU WANT ANSWERS.
YOU BELIEVE HE HAS THEM.
MAYBE I SHOULD ASK YOU...
I'M NOT HERE TO PROVIDE ANSWERS, CLETUS.
I'M HERE TO ISSUE A WARNING.
THE DARKHOLD IS A COMPENDIUM OF SECRETS BEYOND MORTAL COMPREHENSION.
WHAT--?
HOW--?
IT OFFERS BOTH GREAT REWARDS AND GREATER RISKS.
JUST REMEMBER, IN THE END YOU DON'T USE THE DARKHOLD.
IT USES YOU.

30,000 Feet Over The Pacific Ocean
THAT'S IT.
THAT'S THE BOOK BARRY GLEASON HAD IN THAT UNDERGROUND TEMPLE BACK IN WEST VIRGINIA.
IT'S CALLED THE DARKHOLD.
IT'S THE REASON I BROUGHT YOU TOGETHER TO TRACK DOWN, CAPTURE, OR KILL CLETUS KASADY.
I'M ON BOARD FOR THE "KILL" PART, LADY.
BUT WHAT'S SOME OLD BOOK GOT TO DO WITH MY BOY CARNAGE?
THAT "OLD BOOK," MR. BROCK, IS THE LATEST MANIFESTATION OF A TEXT INSCRIBED BEFORE THE FALL OF ATLANTIS.
IN THE 1920S, ARCHAEOLOGISTS DISCOVERED A HIEROGLYPHIC REPRESENTATION OF THE DARKHOLD SOURCE IN A PRE-BABYLONIAN TOMB.
ATTEMPTS TO TRANSLATE THOSE GLYPHS RESULTED IN ONE RESEARCHER COMMITTING SUICIDE.
CONSIDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO HER COMPANIONS--
--SOME MIGHT SAY SHE WAS THE LUCKY ONE.
GOD.

YOU'RE SAYING THIS BOOK AND THOSE CARVINGS DERIVE FROM A SINGLE SOURCE?
AND JUST READING IT DRIVES PEOPLE INSANE?
I WISH IT WERE SO SIMPLE, COLONEL JAMESON.
THE DARKHOLD SOURCE WAS CREATED, AS I SAY, BEFORE HUMANKIND'S FOOTHOLD UPON OUR WORLD WAS FULLY ESTABLISHED.
IT WAS "WRITTEN" BY AN ELDER DEITY--
--ONE OF A PANTHEON WHO RULED OUR COSMOS BEFORE CREATION.
WHOA, MISSY.
IF YOU MEAN THERE WERE "GODS" BEFORE GOD--
--THAT'S BLASPHEMY, AND I CALL THEM %@#&+?%#.
NAME THEM WHAT YOU WILL.
GODS OR MONSTERS--
--ONE OF THEM, CHTHON, TRANSCRIBED WHAT WE WOULD CALL A BOOK OF SPELLS.

IN ITS MANY FORMS, THE DARKHOLD CORRUPTS ANY WHO READ IT.
FIRST IT EMPOWERS, THEN IT DESTROYS.
YET POWER AND DESTRUCTION ARE NOT ITS PURPOSE.
WHAT IS ITS PURPOSE, VICTORIA?
TO OPEN A DOORWAY TO THE REGION WHERE CHTHON SLEEPS.
AND CLETUS KASADY?
HOW DOES HE FIT IN?
MY PEOPLE FOUND BARRY GLEASON AFTER YOU LOST HIM.
FROM HIS CONDITION IT'S OBVIOUS CARNAGE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.
WE FOUND NO SIGN OF THE DARKHOLD.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANY OF THIS.
YOU WANT US TO FIND KASADY, AND SO DO WE.
WHY ARE WE HEADED TO JAKARTA?
KASADY NEEDS AN ALTAR TO EMBRACE THE DARKHOLD'S FULL POWER.
THE PAGE MANUELA TORE FROM THE BOOK WHEN SHE STRUGGLED WITH GLEASON REVEALS THE LOCATION OF SUCH AN ALTAR.
INDONESIA.

Jakarta Old Town
HMPH.
YOU KNOW THERE AIN'T NOTHING THERE, RIGHT?
EUROPEANS' BEEN SAILIN' THE TIMOR SEA CLOSE TO FIVE HUNDRED YEARS...
...AND NOBODY EVER REPORTED NOTHING AT THESE COORDINATES BUT EMPTY OCEAN.
YOUR MONEY.
WHEN YOU PEOPLE WANNA LEAVE?
LET THAT BE MY CONCERN.
SOON.
THE ONE WE AWAIT IS ALMOST HERE.
BROTHER GREGORI, THREE OF OUR BRETHREN ARE MISSING.
THE RED SLAYER HUNTS US LIKE THE DOG HUNTS THE PIG.
HAVE FAITH, EKA.
ALL OF THIS WAS FORETOLD TO ME.
AND DID I LIE, GREGORI?
THE STRINGS YOU ARE ABOUT TO PULL TONIGHT WERE STRUNG LONG AGO.
THE SLAYER IS IN MENTENG MARKET. HE HAS THE BOOK.
LET THE HUNTER BECOME THE HUNTED.

Menteng Market
"WHEN THE RED SLAYER SPILLS BLOOD ON SACRED STONE..."
"...FHTAGN GRAH'N..."
FAH-TAG-NUN?
YO, TONY JAA.
YEAH, YOU.
C'MERE.
WHAT'S THIS SAY?
NUWUN SEWU?
I AM SORRY, MISTER.
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
ME NEITHER, ONG-BAK.
THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU.
GUY TOLD ME I'D GET ANSWERS OUT HERE.
SO FAR, ALL I GOT IS A BELLYACHE FROM TOO MUCH FISH SOUP.
THAT, AND AN ITCH I GOTTA SCRATCH BY TEARIN' A FEW HEADS OFF
YIIIEE ORA ORA ORA!

TAKE HIM.
SAY WHAT?

OH, THIS IS JUST SAD. SWORDS AND SPEARS?

WHAT'S NEXT, BOX CUTTERS?

YOUR BOSS, BROTHER GREGORI, HAS NO IDEA WHO HE'S DEALING WITH--

THE MASTER KNOWS WHAT YOU ARE, DEMON.

HE HAS GIVEN US WARDS TO DEFY YOUR EVIL.

YAAAGGGH!

SIGILS TO BIND YOU.

MMMMPH!

RUNES TO DEFEAT YOU.

KRAK

AS IT WAS FORETOLD, SO IT HAS COME TO PASS.

PRAISE BE TO CHTHON.

PRAISE BE TO CHTHON!

Halim Perdanakusuma Airport, East Jakarta
WHAT DAY IS IT? IS IT YESTERDAY? I NEVER DID FIGURE OUT THE WHOLE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE THING.
SHUT UP, BROCK.
WHAT'S THE PLAN, VICTORIA?
MY AGENTS IN INDONESIA HAVE IDENTIFIED THE LOCAL CHTHONIC BROTHERHOOD, LED BY A MAN NAMED BROTHER GREGORI.
"GREGORI"?
RUSSIAN?
"GREGORI" IS AN ALIAS.
THE ORIGINAL GREGORI RUSSOFF WAS A WEREWOLF WHOSE DESCENDANTS CAME TO POSSESS THE DARKHOLD BRIEFLY DECADES AGO.
WAIT, A WEREWOLF?
THIS BOOK HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WEREWOLVES?
AND SOMEHOW YOU'RE ONLY TELLING ME THIS NOW?
QUIET.
YES, SINGH?
DON'T TELL ME TO--
BE QUIET!
OH, NO.
GREGORI'S MEN HAVE CAPTURED CARNAGE AND THE DARKHOLD.
THEY'RE TAKING HIM TO A FREIGHTER AT THE PORT IN JAKARTA OLD TOWN.
WE MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE!

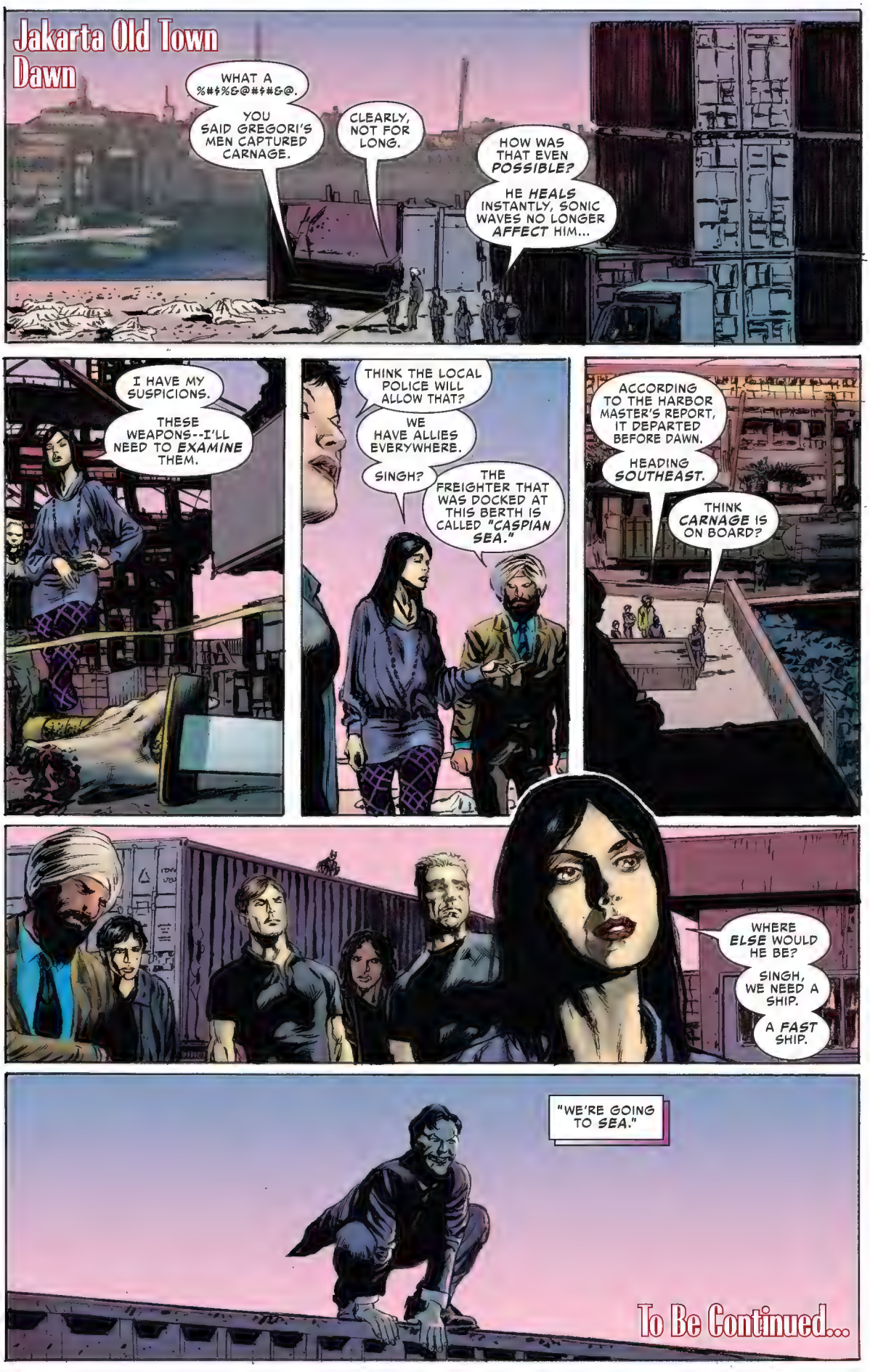
Jakarta Old Town
WUZZA...
WUZ... WHAT...
...WHERE...
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?
WHERE AM I?
YOU ARE WHERE ONE WHO HAS BEEN TOUCHED BY THE WORD OF CHTHON BELONGS--
--IN THE HANDS OF THE BROTHERHOOD, ON THE PATH TO FULFILL YOUR DESTINY.
THE LAST ROBED FREAK WHO TALKED UP MY "DESTINY" CHOKED ON A MOUTHFUL OF HIS OWN GUTS.
NOT ALL WHO WALK THE PATH ARE EQUALLY KNOWLEDGEABLE IN THE LESSONS OF THE DARKHOLD.
YOUR SLAYER'S BLOOD WAS TOUCHED BY THE WORD OF CHTHON.
I WAS THERE. I REMEMBER.
THROUGH HIS WORD YOUR BLOOD WAS TRANSFORMED.
THAT TRANSFORMATION COMES AT A COST.
UH-HUH.
MOM ALWAYS SAID, YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR.
HOW MUCH YOU WILLIN' TO PAY FOR THAT MOUTH OF YOURS?
THE WORDS AND SYMBOLS THAT EMPOWER YOU BY BLOOD, BIND YOU BY BLOOD.

SO, THOSE SWORDS AND SPEARS, THESE CHAINS--
MARKED WITH THE SIGIL OF OUR CHTHONIC MASTER.
BOUND BY HIS CHTHONIC WILL, THE RED SLAYER IS HELPLESS.
HEH.
"THE RED SLAYER."
HEHHEH.
HE'S LAUGHING?
YOU MEAN CARNAGE.
HEHHEHHEH.
WHY IS HE LAUGHING, BROTHER GREGORI?
BECAUSE HE MOCKS US.
"RED SLAYER," "CARNAGE"--WHAT DOES IT MATTER?
I MEAN YOU, DEMON.
HEH-HEH-HEH-HAHHAHA
BUT I'M NOT JUST CARNAGE, YOU DUMB MAROON.
CARNAGE IS INSIDE ME. BUT THERE'S ANOTHER ME IN HERE, TOO.
THERE'S CLETUS KASADY.
KNOW WHAT YOUR FANCY SYMBOLS MEAN TO ME?

GUESS.
NO.
GREGORI, WHAT'S GOING ON?
THAT MAN--
OH, NO NO NO NO NO
NO!

YOU SAY "NO." I SAY "YES."
LET'S AGREE TO DISAGREE.
OUTCAST
MAGIC WEAPONS AREN'T MUCH USE IF YOU'VE GOT NO WAY TO HOLD 'EM, AMIRIGHT?
PLEASE, PLEASE...
DON'T KILL ME.
CHOKE

KILL YOU?
GREGORI, BUDDY, I CAME HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD TO HAVE A CHAT WITH YOU.
I'VE GOT QUESTIONS ABOUT THIS BOOK.
(I'LL JUST TAKE THAT BACK, THANKS.)
YOU'VE GOT ANSWERS.
I-I'LL TELL YOU WHATEVER YOU WANT TO KNOW.
LET'S START WITH WHY YOU WANT ME ABOARD THAT SHIP.
T-THERE'S AN ISLAND... NOT ON ANY MAPS...WITH AN ALTAR...
AN ALTAR?
THAT'S WHAT THE GUY IN SAN FRANCISCO SAID I NEED TO MAKE THE BOOK WORK.
TELL ME MORE, GREGORI.
THIS FEELS LIKE THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP
CASPIAN SEA


Jakarta Old Town
Dawn
WHAT A %#$%&@#$#&@.
YOU SAID GREGORI'S MEN CAPTURED CARNAGE.
CLEARLY, NOT FOR LONG.
HOW WAS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?
HE HEALS INSTANTLY, SONIC WAVES NO LONGER AFFECT HIM...
I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS.
THESE WEAPONS--I'LL NEED TO EXAMINE THEM.
THINK THE LOCAL POLICE WILL ALLOW THAT?
WE HAVE ALLIES EVERYWHERE.
SINGH?
THE FREIGHTER THAT WAS DOCKED AT THIS BERTH IS CALLED "CASPIAN SEA."
ACCORDING TO THE HARBOR MASTER'S REPORT, IT DEPARTED BEFORE DAWN.
HEADING SOUTHEAST.
THINK CARNAGE IS ON BOARD?
WHERE ELSE WOULD HE BE?
SINGH, WE NEED A SHIP.
A FAST SHIP.
"WE'RE GOING TO SEA."
To Be Continued...

YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
MARVEL
DON'T MISS
CARNAGE #9

CARNAGE
009
CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY
MARVEL

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE

VICTORIA MONTESSI, REPRESENTING THE CHILDREN OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN, HAS OFFERED TO PRIVATELY FUND AND SUPPORT AGENT CLAIRE DIXON AND HER ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE.

MEANWHILE, CARNAGE HAS DISCOVERED THAT IN ORDER TO UNLOCK THE FULL POTENTIAL OF THE DARKHOLD, HE REQUIRES A SACRED STONE ALTAR, LOCATED ON AN ISLAND NEAR INDONESIA. UPON ARRIVING, HE QUICKLY CUT A SWATH DIRECTLY TO BROTHER GREGORI AND THE CHTHONIC BROTHERHOOD, WHO AGREE TO FERRY HIM TO THE ISLAND WITH DIXON AND HER TEAM CLOSE BEHIND.

SEA DEVIL PART FOUR

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The Indian Ocean, South Of East Java. Present Day.
A LOT TO TAKE IN.
YOU THINK?
I RESCUE A MAN IN A LIFEBOAT--
--HE TURNS INTO A CREEPY-CRAWLY MONSTER--
--HE ATTACKS ME--
--I BLOW UP MY OWN BOAT--
--YOU PEOPLE FIND ME--
(THANKS FOR THAT BY THE WAY.)
--AND ACCORDING TO YOUR BOSS IT'S ALL PART OF SOME OLD-TIME DOOMSDAY PROPHECY.
SO, YEAH, A LOT TO TAKE IN.
VICTORIA MONTESSI IS NOT MY "BOSS," JUBULILE.
WE'RE ALLIES WITH A COMMON PURPOSE.
I'M SORRY WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO MEET BEFORE.
WHEN YOU ARRIVED I WAS-- INDISPOSED.

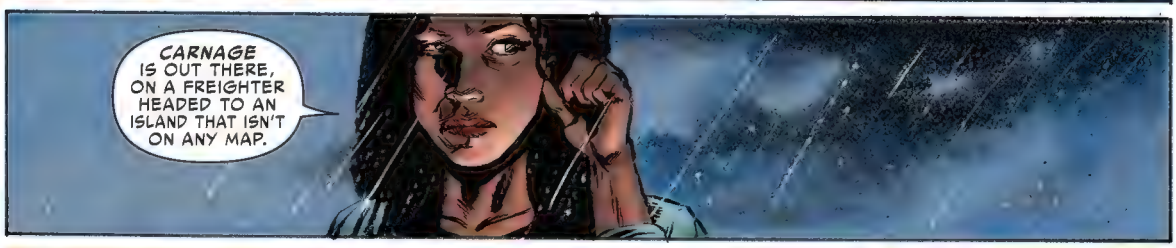
SO, HELLO.

MY NAME IS CLAIRE DIXON--

FBI

Five Days Ago.
THERE'S A STORM COMING.
I CAN SMELL IT ON THE WIND.
IT SMELLS LIKE FIRE.
BUT MAYBE THAT'S JUST ME.
SINCE WEST VIRGINIA, EVERYTHING SMELLS LIKE FIRE AND ASHES.
EIGHTEEN AGENTS DEAD.
MY PEOPLE.
MY FAULT.
AGENT DIXON, WE NEED TO TALK.
DO WE?
WHAT DO WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT MONTESSI AND THIS GROUP SHE SAYS SHE REPRESENTS, "THE CHILDREN OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"?
IT'S OBVIOUS THEY HAVE MONEY:
THIS YACHT, THE PRIVATE JET THAT BROUGHT US TO JAKARTA, THE WEAPONS.

BUT WHAT'S THE SOURCE?
WHO'S BACKING HER?
HOW CAN WE BE SURE MONTESSI AND HER PEOPLE ARE THE GOOD GUYS?
DOES IT MATTER?


CARNAGE IS OUT THERE, ON A FREIGHTER HEADED TO AN ISLAND THAT ISN'T ON ANY MAP.

MONTESSI IS OUR ONE SHOT AT TAKING HIM DOWN.
HER MOTIVES DON'T INTEREST ME.
SO, IT'S ABOUT PAYBACK FOR YOU.

WHAT IF IT IS, MANUELA?
CLETUS KASADY KILLED YOUR MOTHER.

ISN'T PAYBACK THE REASON YOU'RE HERE, TOO?
...
HEADS UP, KIDDIES.
RADAR SAYS THE FREIGHTER IS JUST AHEAD.

HOW CAN WE BE SURE THIS IS THE SHIP WE'RE LOOKING FOR?

THE PAGE MANUELA TORE FROM *THE DARKHOLD* DESCRIBES AN ISLAND IN THE *TIMOR SEA*, SOUTHEAST OF *JAVA*.

IT MENTIONS AN ALTAR GUARDED BY THE *DAUGHTERS OF CHTHON*.

CARNAGE REQUIRES THAT ALTAR TO COMPLETE THE PROPHECY OF *THE RED SLAYER*.

STILL DON'T SEE--

THAT *ISLAND* IS ON NO PUBLISHED NAUTICAL CHART.

AS FAR AS THE WORLD IS CONCERNED, *IT DOESN'T EXIST*.

ACCORDING TO MY INFORMATION, ITS LOCATION IS KNOWN ONLY TO THE LEADER OF THE CHTHONIC CULT IN *JAKARTA*.

BROTHER GREGORI.

GREGORI CHARTERED THE *"CASPIAN SEA"* THE SAME DAY *CARNAGE* SLAUGHTERED MEMBERS OF THE CHTHONIC BROTHERHOOD ON THE JAKARTA DOCKS.

SAFE TO ASSUME WE'LL FIND GREGORI *AND* CARNAGE ABOARD THAT SHIP.

YES.

THE MORE TROUBLING QUESTION IS, WHAT *ELSE* WILL WE FIND?

THE SKY IS ALMOST BLACK WHEN WE'RE FINALLY CLOSE ENOUGH FOR SINGH'S CREW TO LAUNCH *GRAPPLING HOOKS* TO THE OTHER SHIP'S RAIL.

MONTESSI HAS BEEN TRYING TO HAIL THE FREIGHTER.
NO RESPONSE.
NO RUNNING LIGHTS.
NO SIGNS OF LIFE ON DECK.
IT'S A GHOST SHIP.
YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THE SYMBOLS ETCHED INTO YOUR BODY ARMOR.
THESE CHTHONIC SYMBOLS WERE ON THE WEAPONS WE FOUND AT THE JAKARTA DOCKS.
JUST AS THE INFLUENCE OF THE DARKHOLD PROTECTS CARNAGE AGAINST THE SONICS USED TO WEAKEN HIM--
--THAT SAME MYSTIC INFLUENCE SHOULD MAKE HIM VULNERABLE TO THE MARK OF CHTHON.
"SHOULD"?
MARKING UP AMMUNITION AND BODY ARMOR WITH SQUIGGLY LINES SEEMS LIKE A REAL HAIL MARY PLAY, LADY.
ONLY ONE WEAPON HAS A REAL SHOT AGAINST A SYMBIOTE...

...AND THAT'S ANOTHER SYMBIOTE.
IT WAS TRUE IN WEST VIRGINIA AND IT'S STILL TRUE.
LET'S BE CLEAR, BROCK.
YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE MANUELA OWES YOU HER LIFE.
SHE BELIEVES YOU'RE ON A PATH OF REDEMPTION.
I DON'T.
AS LONG AS I HOLD THE SYMBIOTE ACTIVATOR, MY VOTE IS THE ONLY ONE THAT MATTERS.
WELL, THAT WAS AWKWARD.
IF EVERYONE'S DONE POSTURING, WE HAVE A SHIP TO BOARD.
I CAN FEEL EDDIE BROCK'S EYES ON ME.
THEY'RE AS COLD AND MEASURING AS A REPTILE'S.
HE DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME.
BROCK MAY BE A PSYCHOPATH BUT HE'S NOT AN INHERENTLY EVIL MAN.

I'VE LOOKED INTO THE EYES OF TRUE EVIL.
TRUE EVIL IS CLETUS KASADY.
TRUE EVIL IS CARNAGE.
GOOD.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE MEN?
GUESS.
KASADY TRIED TO INFECT 'EM LIKE HE DID THOSE CULTISTS BACK IN THE STATES.
DIDN'T TAKE.
WHY NOT?
HE STILL DOESN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE DARKHOLD WORKS.
THAT'S WHY HE WANTS GREGORI AND THE ALTAR.
NO ONE ON THE BRIDGE OR UPPER DECK.
THESE ARE THE ONLY BODIES.
HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE THERE IN A FREIGHTER CREW?
MAYBE TWO DOZEN.
NIIICE.
SHUT UP, BROCK.
THE FREIGHTER YANKS AND ROCKS LIKE AN ANIMAL CAUGHT IN A TRAP AS THE STORM BUILDS AROUND US.
THERE'S A SMELL IN THE PASSAGEWAY OF BLOOD AND VOMIT.
A FAMILIAR PULSE VIBRATES UNDERFOOT AND THROUGH THE WALLS.
ENGINE ROOM.
THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND HIM.

I WAS WRONG.

THIS ISN'T A GHOST SHIP.

IT'S A *SLAUGHTERHOUSE.*

HOW MANY...?
I COUNT EIGHT MORE DEAD.
ANYBODY ELSE SEE WHAT I SAW WITH THESE LAST FEW?
THEY AREN'T AS DISTORTED AS THE FIRST ONES WE FOUND.
WE HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.
MUUUUUUHHH
KIIIIIII
KIIIIII MUUUUUUUH
PLUUUUUUUUZ
KIIIILLL MEEEEE

WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE'S CARNAGE?
FOR GOD'S SAKE, DIXON--
HAVE SOME COMPASSION.
COMPASSION IS A LUXURY PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES DENY US, COLONEL.
NAME... HORTON.
CAPTAIN... MY SHIP.
GREGORI... BROUGHT HIM ABOARD.
HE FORCED US...SET COURSE... AUTOPILOT.
ONCE... UNDER WAY... USED BOOK... CREW.
SOME... DIED...OTHERS... OH...GOD.
HURTS...
PLUUUUZZZEEEE
BRATTATTAATTA
WHAT?

GUY SAID HE WANTED TO DIE.
REST OF YOU WOULD'VE JUST STOOD BY AND FELT BAD.
I DID HIM A FAVOR.
DAMMIT, BROCK...
THAT ISN'T ALL HE SAID.
HE SAID THERE WERE "OTHERS"...
YYYYYYY
RAARRR
HISSS
SNAAARRR

IT HAPPENS SO QUICKLY WE BARELY HAVE TIME TO REACT.
BRAKAKAKA KRAK KRAK TAKAK
BRAKAKAKA TAKAKA BRAK BRAK
SOMEONE'S SHOUTING-- BROCK--
--BUT THE GUNFIRE ECHOING IS SO LOUD I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT HE SAYS.
TAKAK TAKATKAK
I CAN GUESS EASILY ENOUGH.
BRAAKAKA KRAK KRAK
NO WAY I'M LETTING ANOTHER MONSTER LOOSE DOWN HERE.

TOO MANY!
NO CLEAR LINE OF FIRE.
RUN!
KRAK KRAK KPOW
WE RUN.
THE DECK HEAVES.
BRAKAKAKA
GUNFIRE RIPS THROUGH THE DARK LIKE LIGHTNING.
TAKAKTAKATKAK
I FIRE.
RELOAD.
FIRE. RUN. FIRE. RELOAD. FIRE.
RUN.

DIMLY, LIKE A MEMORY FADED WITH TIME, I REALIZE I'VE LOST TRACK OF VICTORIA MONTESSI, MANUELA, JAMESON.
ARE THEY ALIVE OR DEAD?
I DON'T KNOW.
AM I ALONE?
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE.
APPARENTLY NOT.
I THOUGHT WE COULD CONTROL HIM.
THOUGHT WE COULD BIND HIM.
BUT WE CAN'T.
HE'S LIKE THE STORM.
UNSTOPPABLE.
I'LL STOP HIM.
YOU?
YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD.
CHUNK!

WAKEY WAKEY
I REMEMBER YOU.
YOU WERE IN WEST VIRGINIA.
YOU TRIED TO KILL ME.
TSK.
NOT VERY NICE.
PART OF ME WANTS TO RETURN THE FAVOR.
LUCKY YOU. I CAN DO SOMETHING A WHOLE LOT BETTER NOW.
PAY ATTENTION, OKAY?
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS.
To Be Continued...

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

DON'T MISS CARNAGE #10

CARNAGE
010
CONWAY
PERKINS
TROY
MARVEL

PSYCHOPATHIC SERIAL KILLER CLETUS KASADY BONDED WITH A DERANGED ALIEN SYMBIOTE, GIFTING HIM POWERS NOT UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN'S. WITH THE ABILITY TO CRAFT BLADED WEAPONS OUT OF HIS ORGANIC TISSUE AND THE NEWFOUND POWER TO ACT ON HIS DEADLIEST IMPULSES, CLETUS BECAME

CARNAGE

THE ANTI-CARNAGE TASK FORCE MANAGED TO TRACK KASADY AND HIS FREIGHTER TO THE INDIAN OCEAN, WHERE HE IS ON THE HUNT FOR AN ANCIENT STONE ALTAR THAT COULD UNLOCK THE FULL POTENTIAL OF *THE DARKHOLD*.

HOWEVER, WHEN BOARDING HIS FREIGHTER, THE TASK FORCE IS ATTACKED BY ITS CREW, ALL OF WHOM HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO MINDLESS MONSTERS BY KASADY. THE ODDS ARE AGAINST THE TEAM, AND MATTERS ARE MADE WORSE WHEN THEIR LEADER, CLAIRE DIXON, IS TAKEN HOSTAGE BY CARNAGE.

SEA DEVIL PART FIVE

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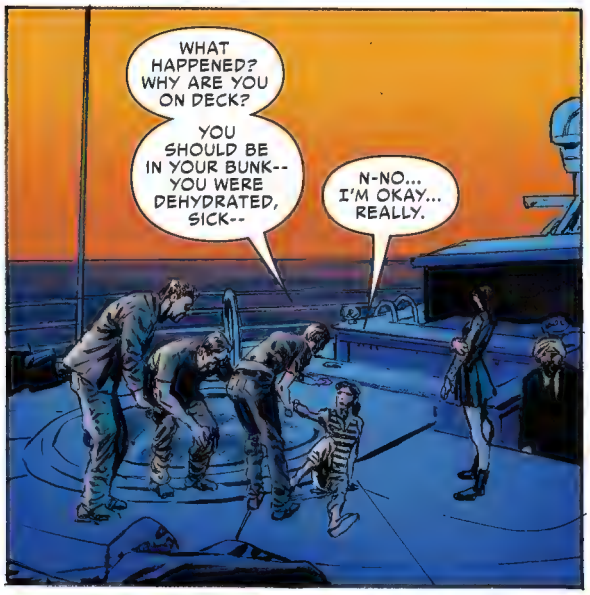
The Indian Ocean, South Of East Java.
Present Day.
JUBULILE!


WHAT HAPPENED? WHY ARE YOU ON DECK?
YOU SHOULD BE IN YOUR BUNK-- YOU WERE DEHYDRATED, SICK--
N-NO... I'M OKAY... REALLY.

I WANTED...
...NEEDED AIR...
...THE OCEAN...
...THIS WOMAN CAME UP TO ME...
WHAT WOMAN, JUBULILE?
...SHE TOUCHED ME...
...EVERYTHING GOT WEIRD.

JUBULILE... WHAT WOMAN?
SHE SAID HER NAME WAS CLAIRE DIXON.

NO WAY.
IMPOSSIBLE.
THE WOMAN YOU SAW COULDN'T HAVE BEEN CLAIRE DIXON.
WHY NOT?
CLAIRE DIXON IS DEAD.

Four Days Ago.
Aboard The Freighter *Caspian Sea.*
I'M DOWN TO *TWO CLIPS*, YUVRAJ.
AS AM I, SVAMINEE MONTESI.
UNFORTUNATE.
HAVE I EVER MENTIONED HOW MUCH I ADMIRE YOUR FLAIR FOR *UNDERSTATEMENT*, SINGH?
MANY TIMES, SVAMINEE.
BUT AS I ALWAYS SAY IN RETURN--
--WHY EMBELLISH THE *OBVIOUS?*

KKKRRRKHFF
TA-DA.
SORRY IT TOOK US SO LONG TO CATCH UP WITH YOU.
IT'S A MAZE DOWN HERE.
WE PASSED A GALLEY UP AHEAD.
WHERE'S DIXON?
WE GOT SEPARATED.
LAST I SAW, SHE WAS HEADING TOWARD WHAT I ASSUME IS THE ENGINE ROOM, JUDGING BY THE NOISE.
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
LET'S GO GET HER--

WE WILL, COLONEL JAMESON, BUT LET'S NOT FORGET OUR PURPOSE ABOARD THIS SHIP.
AS LONG AS CLETUS KASADY POSSESSES THE DARKHOLD, HE REMAINS OUR PRIMARY CONCERN.
SO WHAT DO WE DO?
HE COULD BE ANYWHERE DOWN HERE.
WE DON'T HAVE TO FIND HIM.
WE JUST NEED TO BE CERTAIN HE DOESN'T ESCAPE.
SINGH, YOU AND JAMESON HEAD DOWN TO THE FUEL HOLD.
PLACE THE EXPLOSIVES AND SET THE TIMER FOR 30 MINUTES FROM NOW.
MS. CALDERON AND MR. BROCK WILL ACCOMPANY ME TO THE ENGINE ROOM, WHERE I HOPE WE'LL FIND AGENT DIXON.
WAIT.
YOU BROUGHT EXPLOSIVES?
DESTROYING THE SHIP WAS ALWAYS A POTENTIAL STRATEGY.
AS CIRCUMSTANCES DEVELOPED, IT'S OUR ONLY EFFECTIVE OPTION.
NOW, PLEASE, STOP TALKING AND START MOVING.

FOR A FANCY DAME YOU'RE JUST *FULL* OF SURPRISES.
IN CASE YOU'RE INTERESTED, BY THE WAY, I'M OUT OF AMMO.
THEN I HAVE ONE *MORE* SURPRISE FOR YOU, MR. BROCK.
A SYMBIOTE ACTIVATOR?
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT? DID *DIXON* GIVE IT TO YOU?
I HAVE MY OWN SOURCES FOR SUCH THINGS.
OKAY THEN.
LET 'ER *RIP.*
SET ME *LOOSE!*
IF THE NEED ARISES AND NOT BEFORE, MR. BROCK.
I SHARE AGENT DIXON'S *SKEPTICISM* REGARDING YOUR MOTIVES.
LIKE HER, I CONSIDER *TOXIN* A WEAPON OF *LAST RESORT.*

Between Decks.
The Fuel Holds.
THIS DOESN'T STRIKE YOU AS RECKLESS?
WHAT IF THERE ARE STILL SURVIVORS ABOARD THIS SHIP? CREW MEMBERS WHO HAVEN'T BEEN TURNED?
REGRETTABLE, BUT UNLIKELY.
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?
I TRUST THE JUDGMENT OF SVAMINEE MONTESI.
I WISH I DID.
SINCE THIS BEGAN, I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN ON FAST-FORWARD.
NO TIME TO THINK, NO TIME TO QUESTION.
THIS GROUP SHE SAYS SHE REPRESENTS--
THE CHILDREN OF MIDNIGHT.
WHEN I WAS A BOY IN THE PUNJAB, ACOLYTES OF THE CHTHONIC BROTHERHOOD ATTACKED MY VILLAGE.
MY FAMILY--MOTHER, FATHER, SISTER--WAS SLAIN.
I, TOO, WOULD HAVE DIED--BUT SHE CAME.
SHE AND THE CHILDREN SAVED MY LIFE, COLONEL JAMESON.
WHATEVER SHE ASKS, IF IT IS IN MY POWER, I WILL DO.
VICTORIA SAVED YOU AS A BOY?
BUT--YOU'RE AT LEAST FIFTY.
SHE CAN'T BE MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE--
KAKLANK

TRATATAAT
KRAK KRAK KRAK
TAK TAK TAK
I'M OUT.
WE MUST PROTECT THE EXPLOSIVES.
THEN YOU BETTER GET READY TO RUN--
--'CAUSE I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW TO CONTROL MYSELF WHEN I LET THE STAR STONE TAKE OVER--
--SO THIS--COULD GET--
--UGGLLYYYYYAAARRR

Aft.
Forward of the Engine Room.

DIXON MAY BE COLD AS ICE, BUT I'LL SAY THIS FOR HER, SHE'S *TOUGH*.

HOW MANY OF THESE DEAD HALF-SYMBIOTES YOU COUNT, BROCK?

EIGHT.

TEN, IF YOU COUNT BITS AND PIECES.

FEEL THAT *VIBRATION*?

ENGINE ROOM MUST BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS HATCH--AND *SOMETHING ELSE*.

THE DARKHOLD.

IT'S HERE.

BROCK.

HIT ME.

KLIK

KLAAANKGG

TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH.

HIYA, CLETUS.
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN A BUSY LITTLE BOY?
I KNOW, RIGHT?
BETWEEN YOU AND ME, EDDIE, I'M AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE.
WHO'DA FIGURED A GUY LIKE ME WOULD GET SO WORKED UP BY SOME OLD BOOK?
WONDERS NEVER CEASE.
AND I'VE SEEN WONDERS, PAPA DEAR.
AND FROM WHAT BROTHER GREGORI HERE TELLS ME, THOSE WONDERS?
THEY'RE JUST THE BEGINNING.
THIS ENDS NOW, MONSTER.
GIVE US THE BOOK.
AND DIXON.
WHERE'S CLAIRE DIXON?

YOUR FBI PAL?
RIGHT HERE!
BUT WE DON'T CALL HER DIXON ANYMORE-- DO WE, SWEETIE?
WHAT'S YOUR NEW NAME, BABE?
RAZE!

OH, GOD-- CLAIRE--
WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR HER.
LEAVE HER TO TOXIN.
WE HAVE OTHER CONCERNS--
TAK TAK TAK TAK
WHAT THE--?
THAT HURT!
AMMUNITION SCORED WITH CHTHONIC SYMBOLS.
YOU MAY BE IMMUNE TO SONICS NOW, CLETUS--
--LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO AGAINST MAGIC!
BRATATATATAT
AARRGGH!
TAK TAK TAK TAK

UNNH.
FUNNY, ISN'T IT?
ALL THE TIME YOU SPENT WORRYING WHAT I'D DO IF YOU LET TOXIN LOOSE--
--NOW HERE YOU ARE, LETTING CARNAGE CONTROL YOU.
NO ONE CONTROLS ME, BROCK.
I GET IT NOW-- THE SYMBIOTE IS A TOOL.
IT MAKES US WHO WE TRULY ARE.
THAT'S WHY I NEVER TRUSTED YOU.
THE SYMBIOTE EXPOSED YOU AS THE KILLER YOU WERE BORN TO BE.
ME?
I'M A WEAPON!
ARRRHH!
SHUNK
SHUNK

The Fuel Hold.
DONE.
WE HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO LEAVE THE SHIP BEFORE IT EXPLODES.
COLONEL JAMESON--
RAAAARR
--WE MUST GO.
JOHN.
RAAAARR
RECALL YOURSELF.
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE.
RARRRR
YOU ARE COLONEL JOHN JAMESON OF THE AMERICAN AIR FORCE.
A MAN OF DISCIPLINE AND HONOR.
THE BEAST DOES NOT OWN YOU.
YOU OWN THE BEAST.
RAAARR
YOU MUST LOVE TAKING RISKS, SINGH.
NO, COLONEL.
I AM SIMPLY A MAN OF FAITH.

Engine Room.
WE HAVE TO GO.
THE 30 MINUTES I TOLD SINGH TO GIVE US ARE ALMOST UP.
BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT THE BOOK--!
BRATATATATAT
OUR BULLETS DAMAGE CARNAGE BUT CAN'T KILL HIM.
SINGH'S EXPLOSIVES WILL SINK THIS SHIP--CARNAGE AND THE DARKHOLD WITH IT.
THAT'S THE BEST WE CAN DO.
BROCK!
THE SHIP'S GOING TO BLOW UP.
RUN!
EASY FOR HER TO SAY...

KRAK
WHERE'S DIXON?
IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, MANNY, DIXON IS OFF THE TEAM.
WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HER--
DON'T WORRY--
"--I HAVE A FEELING SHE'S RIGHT BEHIND US."
RED SLAYER, PLEASE--DON'T ABANDON ME!
I DON'T WANT TO DIE DOWN HERE ALONE.
THERE.
YOU DIDN'T DIE ALONE.
HAPPY NOW?
SWK

SINGH!
YOU AND JAMESON GET OFF THE SHIP--
NOT WITHOUT YOU, SVAMINEE.
WHERE'S DIXON?
0:21
WHY DO I HAVE TO KEEP TELLING PEOPLE?
CLAIRE DIXON ISN'T HERE ANYMORE.
I'M RAZE!
GAAAKK
0:32
SON OF A *****
GOD OF MY FATHERS--
GIVE ME STRENGTH!
TRAK-A-TAK-A-TAK-A-TAK
SHICK
KJJJJJJ!

DAMMIT

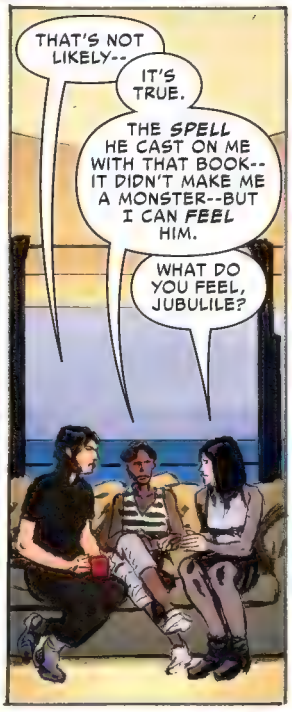
"THAT'S WHAT I SAW...

"...A FLASH OF LIGHT AND A SOUND LIKE THUNDER.

"I THOUGHT IT WAS *THE* STORM..."

...BUT IT WAS YOU.
APPARENTLY, CLETUS KASADY FOUND HIS WAY TO A LIFEBOAT.
IT'S JUST BAD LUCK THAT LIFEBOAT FOUND ITS WAY TO YOU.
BAD LUCK FOR HIM.

YOU'RE A TOUGH NUT, KID.
BY NOW CLETUS MUST BE PRETTY SICK OF GETTING BLOWN UP BY GIRLS.
HE'S STILL ALIVE.


THAT'S NOT LIKELY--
IT'S TRUE.
THE SPELL HE CAST ON ME WITH THAT BOOK--IT DIDN'T MAKE ME A MONSTER--BUT I CAN FEEL HIM.
WHAT DO YOU FEEL, JUBULILE?

HE'S ANGRY. FULL OF HATE. HE WANTS TO KILL EVERYONE.
HE FOUND ANOTHER SHIP. A FISHING BOAT. HE'S TAKEN OVER THE CREW.
HE'S GOING TO THE ISLAND.

THEN SO ARE WE.
YOU SAW HIS CHARTS. CAN YOU REMEMBER THE COORDINATES?
YES.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT WOMAN--YOUR FRIEND, AGENT DIXON?
I TOLD YOU, JUBULILE...

"...CLAIRE DIXON IS DEAD."
Next: What Dwells Beneath

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

DON'T MISS CARNAGE #11

#6 CLASSIC VARIANT BY Rom Lim, Bob McLeod & Rachelle Rosenberg

#6 STORY THUS FAR VARIANT BY Mike Perkins & Andy Troy

MARVEL

"I love what Gerry Conway is doing with this Carnage series." – ComicSpectrum.com

CARNAGE GOES TO SEA THE WORLD – AND KILL IT!

WHEN SOUTH AFRICAN 16-year-old Jubulile van Scotter started sailing around the globe, she didn't plan on a symbiotic, psychopathic stowaway! Evolved to the next level, the serial killer has plans to turn the oceans red with blood – but the Anti-Carnage Task Force is following the trail of bodies left in his wake. Do Man-Wolf, Eddie Brock & co. have what it takes to stop this darker-than-ever Carnage? Probably not if one of them turns traitor! Cletus Kasady's thirst for yet more power will take him to a mysterious and secluded island, and its secrets may be even more terrifying than him. Carnage is living up to his name on the high seas – and yep, we're gonna need a bigger boat!

COLLECTING *CARNAGE (2015) #6-10* – BY GERRY CONWAY, MIKE PERKINS AND ANDY TROY.

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